

UNSC Marines: The Untold ShortStories

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Summary: These stories are the firstperson accounts of the brave soldiers of the UNSC and their struggles against the Covenant. When no Spartans are around, the Marines have to hold their own. R&R Please.

1. Prologue & Defeat at Jericho VII Part 1

****PROLOGUE:****

These stories are first-person accounts of Marines, ODSTs, ship personell, and any other soldier involved in the struggle against the Covenant. Some gruesome, some heroic, these tales tell of how the Humans survived and earned their bravery in their war defending the very land they stand on. From the first few encounters at Harvest, to the last bloody battles on Earth, we will follow the UNSC, whether it be the Marine Corps, the Navy, or the Army. The stories will be released in order of occurence, beginning with the battle for the planet Jericho VII.

****"Defeat at Jericho VII" (Part One)****

****Staff Sergeant Jay Westing - 2670-84425-JW****

****UNSC MC 31st Drop Jet Platoon Alpha Squad****

****_2-10-2535; 06:48 hrs. _****

It was three long days that we watched Fleet struggle in space, and we knew that it was only a matter of time before we saw action. Around morning, the Covenant had made impact with the planet. All over Jericho were reports of drop ships, banshees, and their hordes of ground troops. The Spartans were on the other side of the planet, so we knew we were on our own.

We were the response to this threat. Some of our recruits hadn't been trained properly and could barely fire their rifles. Our men were

frightened at the sight of the Covenant army. Deep in our minds, we were all afraid of losing our only home, so we were motivated to lead our teams through the mess.

Our first goal was to assault the nearby landing craft and quickly pull out. Each squad had two snipers, and three warthogs. We had set up camp along the edge of the forest, and watched as the Covenant landed a few clicks to the north of us on an open field.

Our first move was to have our snipers spot the highest ranking Covies that we could find, and cut them down to ensure chaos in their ranks. At the signal, each squad fired on different targets. The shots were straight and dead-on, but few officers went down. The energy shields from the Elites brightened and reflected the shots, which seemed to anger the elites rather than hurt them. When the shots rang out, that was the cue for each warthog turret to open fire on the rest of the army.

Ten warthog turrets, including mine, exploded as their 12.7x99mm armor penetrating rounds tore through the ranks of the Covenant from every direction. Purple and blue guts painted the grass as Grunts and Jackals fell left and right. The landing craft then turned its plasma cannon and opened fire on the fire teams, and 3 of our warthogs went up in flames.

The evac alarm rang on my COM. As I continued my fire, Miles shot twice more and was satisfied with his work. He slung his Sniper Rifle and jumped back into the warthog.

"Sam, we gotta get out of here and head back to Alpha! We accomplished our goals, now let's get out of here before our asses get burned by that gun over there!" I yelled over the continuous rattling of my turret.

Sam quickly backed up and soon we were speeding through the forest again. I scanned the skies and saw the purple glint of drop-ships in the distance as the Covenant began reinforcing the planet. I spun my turret around and opened fire once I heard the sound of an incoming banshee. Its cannon fired in front of us, creating a crater in the earth with radioactive dirt flying away. As it passed overhead, I fired a few rounds, erupting it in flames.

"Got one, you bastard," I growled through gritted teeth. We met light resistance on our way toward the outpost, a few groups of unsuspecting grunts and jackals who had no future in the range of my mounted turret.

Once we reached the outpost, there was already trouble. The stationed troops were under attack as banshees were swooping low and raining plasma on the catwalks and Grunts were lobbing plasma grenades over the fences. Miles pulled out his assault rifle and shot at the backs of un-shielded jackals, while I kept up the fire on the other ground troops. Sam maneuvered the Warthog so that we ran over and slammed into the retreating Covenant. Other warthogs had appeared from the forest and were also tearing down the attackers.

After the attack had been broken, we counted up our losses. Only three 'hogs had made it back, while the other two were MIA. As the sun set, I looked over the wreckage in front of the outpost. There were bodies of aliens and humans alike, with blue, purple, and red

blood splattered on the grass and walls. The day had been a victory so far, but a small one.

"Sam, turn off the engines. We won't be going anywhere for a while," I said grimly as I watched the horizon light up with blue and bright red colors, "We've had a small success here, let's just hope that the rest of the UNSC has had the same fate," I said as we stopped and recollected our thoughts.

****END PART ONE OF "Defeat at Jericho VII"****

2. Defeat at Jericho VII Part 2

****Defeat At Jericho VII (Part Two)****

2-10-2535; 21:32 hrs. ****

A trio of banshees swooped low overhead, strafing the forest with their plasma fire. I tracked their movement across the sky with my turret, but I didn't dare pull the trigger.

"Turn off the headlights, dammit!" hissed Miles, our passenger.

It was dusk on Jericho VII. Our platoon had been skirmishing the Covenant all day, and our final fall-back point was at a small outpost we were told to defend, Rendezvous Point Alpha. Only three of our five squads made it back.

"Sarge, when should we start rollin' again?" asked Sam, our driver.

"I don't see any more banshees. Let's get out of here and see if we can find any more survivors from our platoon," I replied. As I scanned the skies for any more enemies, the sun slowly went down and we were left alone in the dark. My HUD showed an incoming transmission from the E-BAND frequency, a rarely-used emergency channel. It ordered all ground units to evacuate the planet by any means necessary.

"Guysâ€¦ the Fleet's telling us to get out of hereâ€¦ Now...", I whispered as I read the command over and over again, "The Fleet is abandoning the planetâ€¦ We have to meet up with them before they leave. Alright, we need to leave anybody who isn't with us and retreat ASAP." It hurt saying that, but it was the truth.

We got out of our warthogs, jumped into a Pelican in one of the hangars and headed for space. Once we docked with the UNSC Destroyer Washington, I looked down at the planet. The Covenant had taken victory over the surface. The cruisers were now glassing the planet, starting at the North and South poles, and working towards the middle. Millions of people, dead. Even if we had stayed there, and defeated every last Grunt and Jackal on that planet, they still would've scorched the planet and made sure nobody was still living. We did what we were told to do, and that was the best we could've done.

"Live to fight another day," that was all that was running through my head as I watched our planet burn.

END "Defeat at Jericho VII"

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